Labor Day

ACCORDING TO THE WORKER HIS WAGE.
THE WAGES OF WORKERS.

Job 14:6 As an hireling, his day.
John 4:36 He that reapeth receiveth wages.

Intro. Another Labor Day is at hand. Again we honor the Day by dedicating this morning's service to it.

Evidently I have been worrying somewhat about this service because all night long, it seems, I did nothing but dream about work. Out of work, hunting a job.

Thank God for Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clammering, hammering ring of it,
Passions of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on thru the dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out,
Work, the Titan, work the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills,-
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master-heart.
Thank God for the world where none may shirk-
Thank God for the splendor of work!

Angela Morgan.

The texts. Read.

Here we have two types of workers and two kinds of wages, each worker paid according to his work.

One is an hireling, toiling mechanically and only because he is compelled to work. All he sees in it is the dollars he gets for it and all he is interested in is the end of the day when he can throw down his tools and leave the job until the morrow.

The other worker is not a machine, but a man who is interested in the work itself. He is an artist, an idealist who is enthusastic about his work and is inspired by it. He is trying to see how splendid a crop he ca can gather, he is endeavoring to make his work count for as much as possible. He works, not as a hireling but as a Master, a creative genius.

" Mr. Hireling, what do you get out a days work?"
" A dollar or two, curse it! Hard work and no pay!"

"Mr. Reaper, what do you get out of your day's work?
"Everything, thank God! Joy, strength, inspiration, divine reward. Glorious work abd big pay!"

2. Thus we see work appeals to us according to the way we look at it.

The old story of the two men looking out of a window. The one noticed the mud on the ground and the other gazed upon the stars. The one who saw mud grumbled about it and the other who saw the starry canopy was thrilled with its beauty.

Someone has said that grumblers seldom work and workers seldom grumble. Life is too short for both, I guess. Anyway, work is'nt anything to grumble over. Henry VanDyke puts it thus:

"Heaven is blest with perfect rest
But the blessing of earth is ~~work~~ toil".

I. Life is largely a matter of work.

Every man must work. It is the law of the universe. Christ said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work". God's work is never done. Angels in heaven serve ceaselessly. All living creatures work. Work is the law of ~~living~~ being, the condition of health, the privelege of power, the joy of life. (over, read Coolidge)

And those who seek to escape working, usually work the hardest and experience the utmost weariness.

We all must work. The question is, whether we will work as hirelings or as reapers. Whether our work shall be drudgery or delight. And each worker must decide for himself as to which kind of a worker he is going to be.

II. Every worker receives his wage.

No man works in God's world ~~and~~ without receiving a wage for it.

And no less pay than he earns. The pay is "to every man according to his work". There are no favorites, no soft snaps with "big pay for some and "hard births with poor pickings" for others.

"If a man's work is not worth more than his pay he is not earning his wage."

If I am getting $5 a day and aim to do only $5 worth of work, I am not earning my $5. And my wage is less than $5; even tho I receive the money in full!

Money is'nt the only wage, or is it the best. Longfellow and Jay Gould were contemporaries. Jay Gould made his millions but Longfellow drew bigger wages out of life than did Gould. Paul never became a millionaire but he became richer than all the lillionares put together- he got more out of life and put more into life than do millionaires.

"Work is the fresh air of thesoul!
It clears the heavy brain,
Quickens the pulses of the mind,
Warms thot to action, and the blind
And shuggish will sunk into ease
of ineffective lethargies,
It stirs to life again.

Susan Coolidge.

"Every man shall receive his own reward according to h his own labor." Any time you think that you are not fully paid for your work, better check up on yourself and not carry a grudge against your employer in particular and the world in general.

III. Every man chooses his own work in life, and determines his own wage.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill": both working at the same task, but the one one grows into spiritual glory while the other shrivels into a dried-up soul. Two men sit at the same director's desk table of one of the world's largest corporations. The one follows and works for Jesus Christ, while the other worships and wor works for himself. Both receive the same monetary salary and the same dividends from the company, but in the great Corporation of Life itself, the Christ man is the lillion aire while the selfish man is the pauper.

Conc. What, then, to us is the measure of Labor Day?

1. That labor itself is the common heritage of man, made either a slavery or a glorious achievement by our own choosing.

"Is toil but a treadmill? think not of the grin
But think of the grist, what is done and to do,
The world growing better, more like to God's mind,
By long, faithful labor of helpers like you.
James Buckham.

The bright H.S. student's remark to his principal. "I dont think I am normal because I like to work."

2. We get out of life what we put into it.
Our ideals, our aspirations, our enthusasims determine the character of our work and the amount of our wage.
Carlyle-Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given Force- the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by the Almighty God!

With this conviction life becomes great, labor becomes holy and the reward?- infinitely beyond what we dare ask or think!